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WE ARE GIVING AWAY ...Silver and Nickel Plated Tea Pots, Diamond ...Rings, Silver Ware.

...and Decorated Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets, ...Rose and Gold Band French China Tea Sets and ...hosts of other valuable premiums. IMMENSE ...REMIUMS for the forming of TEA CLUBS.

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...AWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE

...Manufactory established 1835. ...Used by millions every year in New ...England, and by all first-class laundries, ...because it never rots the clothes. ...The brilliant azurine that unequalled. ...It gives a clear tint to Linen, Lisens, ...Muslins, Laces, Ginghams, Prints, and ...renders the yellowest white pearly. ...The homestead place in Vassalboro', consisting of ...about 100 acres.

...ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks ...successively prior to the fourth Monday of December ...next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in ...Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a ...Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and ...show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

...ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

...KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1883.*

...SAMUEL SMITH, Administrator on the estate ...of MARY A. SMITH, late of Litchfield, in said ...county, deceased, having presented his first account ...of administration on said estate for allowance:

...ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three ...weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of ...December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ...printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may ...attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at ...Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same ...should not be allowed.

...EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

...ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

...KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1883.*

...A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the ...last will and testament of AMOS H. MERRILL, late of ...Hinckley, in said county, deceased, having been ...presented for probate:

...ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three ...weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of ...December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ...printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may ...attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at ...Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December next, ...and show cause, if any, why the same should not ...be allowed.

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...KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1883.*

...THE attention of Patrons of Husbandry is invited to the Grange Department of the *Farmer*. This department will be regularly maintained, and will be filled from week to week with carefully prepared communications relating to Grange work in our own State, a compend of the work of the order throughout the country at large, items of grange news and Grange information, notices of public meetings, proposed legislation, &c., &c., and in fact everything relating to the order and its work which will be of interest to our readers. We invite contributions to this department from members of the order, and request the forwarding of items of information, notices of meetings, reports of their doings, and all other matters of interest to the many Patron readers of the *Farmer*.

...The Farmers' Institutes for Oxford county held at Peru, Tuesday the 11th inst., and at South Paris, Wednesday, the 12th, drew together a large and attentive audiences in both places, and were in all respects most successful and profitable meetings. The Oxford county Agricultural Society, tendered a portion of their State stipend toward the expense of the Institute at South Paris, an act of appreciation of the usefulness of this kind of work very creditable to the Society; and another evidence, that this Society is endeavoring to promote the highest interests of the farmers within its limits. The lectures given and papers read were of unusual interest. Our poultry interests have heretofore received but little attention at Institutes, and the discussion of this subject was highly interesting and profitable.

...It was a privilege which afforded me great pleasure, with Sister Robie, to represent our State at the recent meeting of the National Grange which convened Nov. 21st, at Washington city. It was an important meeting. There was a representation from 32 States of this Union, and the cordial greetings of the brothers and sisters from remote and far separated States, evinced that sectional feeling had no abiding place in our organization. All the deliberations were harmonious, and regulated by the strong ties of agricultural interests. The reports from the State Master of the several States showed a healthy and prosperous condition of our order, and never before so strong in purpose, or high in excellence. I am happy to say that the condition of the order in the State of Maine compares favorably with other States. When we consider the numerical strength of our organization, we find that we have made no inconsiderable progress since Michigan, fifteen thousand. Maine, twelve thousand and fifty-three. Texas two thousand. The State of Maine has increased nearly fifty per cent. in membership during my term of office. In the year 1881, we reported a membership of 12,350, an increase of 3,701 in ten years. The number of active subordinate Granges in the State, is 178, twenty of which have a membership of one hundred or more, a character and influence occupy a high rank.

...The meetings of the National Grange have developed a disposition and purpose to enter into the discussion of the political questions of political economy are made subjects of political action, and where the interests of the farmer are involved in the final settlement of these questions discussion of these questions, untrammelled by partizan bias, with a single purpose to elevate, protect and sustain the interests and rights of the husbandman, cannot fail to secure the commensurate result. The Grange is the only organization of an agricultural character which reaches the husbandmen of the United States, and hundreds of its own. Our Constitution is respected, our laws are uniform in their application, and our declaration of purposes well matured. We have in operation in this State but the experience of sixteen years, and we have enrolled under our banner nearly a million members. We do not to-day have the full co-operation of the husbandmen, but there is a latent sympathy which the good works of the Grange will again arouse into activity and power.

...The Grange has become better understood by all classes in this country, and commands universal respect. We cannot afford any longer to take back seats, and follow in the rear of other movements, but we must be more aggressive, and take our light from underneath the bushel, and set it upon the hill in order to enlighten and formulate a system of education, that will occupy time in speaking of the dignity of agriculture, its antiquity, its intrinsic importance, and its numerical power. These facts are known to us, but the husbandman primarily feeds and clothes the population of the world. In war he feeds the army and navy, and in peace is the prime support of government.

...We have in the United States four million farms, occupied by many millions of our population. We have in the State of Maine 64,000 farms, on which reside nearly one-half of our population. These agricultural homes are clothed with peculiar interest and power. It is here that the family altar is set up, and the strength and beauty of the family relation which is recognized as the unit of our civilization. Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, at a recent reception in New York city, made the following remark: "It seems to me that in America's crowning glory is that it is a country of homes; the solid content and satisfaction bred by the fact that the farmer's land is his own." The merchant and the professional man generally own their own homes, and the cottage of the artizan and laborer belongs to him." There is inspiration, also power in such a condition, and it is our strongest arm of defence, for by ownership we are as active members of the same family or farm, and are equally interested in and feel all persons interested in an independence which discarded in a measure allegiance to the State Grange. The result was an ignoring of the requirements of the order through its rules and regulations, and a working entirely independent of any allegiance to high or authority. The laws of the order were transgressed with impunity. Complaint was made to the State Grange, and after the trial of the case the charter of No. 38 was revoked. This was not relished by a Grange made up of the material of No. 38. Appeal was made to the National Grange, and the case came up for hearing at the late session of that body at Washington. The decision of the State Grange was sustained, and Boston Grange is no more. Made up as this Grange was of influential men, occupying high official positions, it is a triumph of principle that the tribunal recognized no aristocracy among the order but decided upon the merits of the case. May it ever be thus.

Grange Matters.

...At the late session of the National Grange three constitutional amendments were submitted to the State Granges for their action. Among them is one providing for biennial sessions of State Granges, whenever the interests of the order can be better served thereby. We sincerely hope this provision will not be allowed. It is a fact which has been proved over and over again that all social, moral and religious organizations must have frequent communications in order to keep alive and active the interest and effort which are the parents of the results sought. The Grange, especially, and even more than any other of our social organizations, needs the inspiration of its annual sessions. No substitute can be devised to take its place. It is agreed that something of expense can be saved, but why save it? We want to spend time and money for the good of the farming public. Besides, an organization that costs nothing is soon estimated to be worth nothing. We want to make something of the organization, and once a year is none too often to do it. Rest assured that if we take little notice of ourselves, honor not ourselves, the outside public are neither going to hold us up to notice nor take notice of the organization. By all means should the State Granges hold their annual sessions.

...ADDRESS OF HON. FREDERICK ROBIE,

...MASTER OF THE MAINE STATE GRANGE,

...At the Annual Meeting in Bangor, Dec. 18, 1883.

Brothers and Sisters of the State Grange:

...The rapid flight of another year again calls us together to meet the responsibilities and enjoy the pleasures of our annual gathering.

...It is pleasant to look upon each other's faces, to exchange the cordial greeting, and to mark the progress made by our noble order within our borders during the year that has passed. Let us rejoice that our ranks are comparatively unbroken, that so little cause for sadness exists, and so much reason for gratitude.

...The large number of patrons present, tells me that your interest in the purposes and cause of the Grange is still unflagging, and that you have come here with a determination to push on the good work with renewed ardor and fidelity. I extend to you all the right hand of fellowship and brotherly regard.

...It was a privilege which afforded me great pleasure, with Sister Robie, to represent our State at the recent meeting of the National Grange which convened Nov. 21st, at Washington city. It was an important meeting. There was a representation from 32 States of this Union, and the cordial greetings of the brothers and sisters from remote and far separated States, evinced that sectional feeling had no abiding place in our organization. All the deliberations were harmonious, and regulated by the strong ties of agricultural interests. The reports from the State Master of the several States showed a healthy and prosperous condition of our order, and never before so strong in purpose, or high in excellence. I am happy to say that the condition of the order in the State of Maine compares favorably with other States. When we consider the numerical strength of our organization, we find that we have made no inconsiderable progress since Michigan, fifteen thousand. Maine, twelve thousand and fifty-three. Texas two thousand. The State of Maine has increased nearly fifty per cent. in membership during my term of office. In the year 1881, we reported a membership of 12,350, an increase of 3,701 in ten years. The number of active subordinate Granges in the State, is 178, twenty of which have a membership of one hundred or more, a character and influence occupy a high rank.

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...We have in the United States four million farms, occupied by many millions of our population. We have in the State of Maine 64,000 farms, on which reside nearly one-half of our population. These agricultural homes are clothed with peculiar interest and power. It is here that the family altar is set up, and the strength and beauty of the family relation which is recognized as the unit of our civilization. Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, at a recent reception in New York city, made the following remark: "It seems to me that in America's crowning glory is that it is a country of homes; the solid content and satisfaction bred by the fact that the farmer's land is his own." The merchant and the professional man generally own their own homes, and the cottage of the artizan and laborer belongs to him." There is inspiration, also power in such a condition, and it is our strongest arm of defence, for by ownership we are as active members of the same family or farm, and are equally interested in and feel all persons interested in an independence which discarded in a measure allegiance to the State Grange. The result was an ignoring of the requirements of the order through its rules and regulations, and a working entirely independent of any allegiance to high or authority. The laws of the order were transgressed with impunity. Complaint was made to the State Grange, and after the trial of the case the charter of No. 38 was revoked. This was not relished by a Grange made up of the material of No. 38. Appeal was made to the National Grange, and the case came up for hearing at the late session of that body at Washington. The decision of the State Grange was sustained, and Boston Grange is no more. Made up as this Grange was of influential men, occupying high official positions, it is a triumph of principle that the tribunal recognized no aristocracy among the order but decided upon the merits of the case. May it ever be thus.

...Politics, in a broad, dignified and intelligent discussion, should present itself to the consideration of the Patrons of Husbandry and all farmers' associations. The purpose should be divested of all party bias, and only those questions should be considered which primarily effect the best interests of the husbandman, and in such a spirit as will conduce to peace and harmony. "Politics" does not necessarily mean "party," any more than religion means sectarianism. The great principles upon which the Christian religion is based, a belief in God and the truths of the Bible, which be the subjects which, when properly considered and discussed, bring us nearer to a knowledge of a higher life. The more we reflect upon such questions the more conscious the higher we build toward Heaven. Let not the fear of sectarianism, which is simply a human invention, interfere with an earnest investigation of questions in which those grand principles of goodness, benevolence, temperance and charity, which illustrate a Christian character and exemplify the true discipline of life, are exalted in the individual, but the Nation. Let us build a temple for ourselves and our noble Order, on that broad and unselfish basis which the Bible unfolds, and let the combined presence of that Book before us on our altar, so influence us in our discussion that all those elements of character which best fit us for the duties of contentment, orderly love, and the hope of immortal life may be ours.

...There is much more danger of unpleasantness and discord in the Grange arising from the introduction of questions upon which political parties are divided, and which largely enter into party platforms. All party questions necessarily enter, and should be sedulously avoided, and only those practical questions which tend to build up and place us as individuals and a State, on a higher plane of civilization, should be considered.

...Agricultural education, good morals, loyalty to Government, security to life and property, universal happiness of the people, temperance, religious instruction, material advancement of the State, are questions which should command universal attention, and our earnest effort at all times. Great questions of political economy which affect the prosperity of all industrial pursuits, as the tariff and the currency, should be discussed in a broad and dignified manner, free from party bias and extreme radical argument.

...The effort that consolidated wealth has been making for the past several years to control the legislation of the Nation and some of the States, deserves the careful consideration of those who respect equal rights, just laws and a free government. Those who cultivate the soil never have, and probably never can accumulate large possessions. Independence is easily gained, but colossal fortunes are never realized. Monopolies, speculation and combination, by syndicates formed to make corners in the necessities of life, necessarily encroach upon the rights of other pursuits, and inordinate gains thereby must practically be taken from the pockets of that large class who cultivate the soil. The National tariff, patent laws, State corporations and Railroads, are necessary for the demands of civilized life, but they should be so regulated by law as not to tax the people in a burdensome and unequal manner. I do not desire to sound the note of unnecessary alarm, but be vigilant. I have full faith in the intelligence and virtue of the American people, that all present apparent danger and irregularities will be regulated by wise law, but the danger can only be averted by an intelligent discussion, and the power of an untrammelled ballot. In order to beat loyalty and love of country, the principle of taxation should receive the careful consideration of every farmer. The mighty revolution in business pursuits during the past quarter of a century, which property should be taxed. Formerly taxable property was almost entirely represented by farms, cattle and the production of the soil, and the census of 1880

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.—December 20, 1883.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Dec. 20, 1883.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

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☞Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during December.

J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Somerset County during December.

E. H. GREGORY of Hampden Corner, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot County, during December.

J. H. PEATT will call upon our subscribers in East Kennebec, during December and January.

Eight of the cities of Massachusetts voted against the granting of liquor licenses. In some of the towns that had tried license, they went back gladly to prohibition.

The Governor and Council adjourned on Friday, to the 24th. A hearing was given on the petition for a pardon of Rufus A. Waite of Portland. After a hearing the petition was laid on the table.

They pay preachers in Tennessee an average salary of $381 annually. When a preacher swears in that State, the recording angel blots it out with a tear, and waits to welcome the starving wanderer home.

Mr. S. T. Floyd of Winthrop, who has been spending several months in Minnesota, has returned home. During his absence, he furnished several communications of great interest, to the Winthrop *Budget*. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that he still considers Maine the garden of the world, and Kennebec county the favored spot in that garden.

This has been a fatal year for the Gloucester fishermen. Sad memorial services for lost fishermen were held in the Universalist church at Gloucester, Mass., on Sunday. At the conclusion a collection was taken for the bereaved families. So far as known the lost fishermen leave 29 widows and 35 children, but the number is probable much larger. Two more vessels overdue will swell the number to 13 with probably 150 men. In addition to those lost from dories the number for the year will not fall much short of 200.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has issued a call to each State Union, asking every local society of the order in their vicinity, to effect the peace week by Sunday, December 30th, situated in every State and nearly every Territory, to celebrate with appropriate exercises the tenth anniversary of the "woman's crusade," which will occur on the 23d of December. Pastors of churches are to be invited to preach temperance sermons on the morning of that day and the local unions will hold children's meetings in the afternoon, and in the evening a mass meeting at which a collection will be taken up for the National W. C. T. U.

The dark deed at Richmond, that has blackened the record of Maine with a crime worse even than murder, has sent a thrill of horror through all sensitive hearts. We look for the cause, and find it in that universal inspirer of most all that is evil and devilish—Rum. That demonical power sent the young man away from his country home to a life of indolence, shiftlessness, dissipation and misery, ending in murder. The same demon took his companion in crime, who had served his country as a good soldier in the Union army, and changed him to a condition worse than that of the brute. Both are suffering for the gallows—and so shall say that the penalty is not adequate and deserved?—but equally guilty are those who participated in the horrible crime by furnishing these men with the liquor that fired the brain, and fitted them for their murderous work.

It was long ago decided that a life insurance company is held for the payment of its obligations in case of suicide of the party insured, although it may be stipulated otherwise in the policy. Now the courts have decided that the party must pay even though the company may claim that the individual solicites the insurance with the *intention* of committing suicide. In the suit of the estate of Walton Dwight at Norwich, N. Y., against the Germania Life Insurance Company for $15,000, the amount of a policy on Dwight's life the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff. A motion for a new trial was denied. Dwight, within a few months of his death secured an insurance of $250,000 in different companies. Some of the companies interested refuse to pay the claims, alleging that the dead man procured the insurance with an intention of committing suicide to save his family from want, and did commit suicide with that intent. The present suit was a test case.

Probably the largest sale of pure bred cattle ever made on either side of the Atlantic by private contract, was effected the past week by Burleigh & Bodwell of Vassalboro', to "The Indiana Blooded Stock Company." The cattle sold number 200 head, and are without doubt the finest herd—everything considered—in America or England. Of the number, 69 are Aberdeen Angus, selected from twenty-five of the choicest herds of Scotland, including Earl of Southesks, Sir Geo. McPherson Grant's, Geo. Wilken's, Capt. A. Mann's, the late Wm. McCombies, and in fact representatives of a very large part of the leading herds of their native country. Of the Herefords, there are 131. All selected by Mr. Burleigh personally, regardless of trouble or expense. Price of herd, $60,350.00. As above stated, these cattle are sold to "The Indiana Blooded Stock Company," and will be shipped there at the earliest possible date, when a certain number of the herd will be offered to the public at private sale, due notice of which will be given through the agricultural press. This immense sale, after having lately sold to other parties something over 60 head of imported cattle, reduces their herds to but 36 imported cattle, including the Sussex.

During the past week, several cases have been tried at the Superior Court, in this city, against alleged liquor sellers in Waterville, in which the chief evidence was furnished by "spotters", or detectives, and the result has been in favor of the cases heard, the acquittal of the parties charged. These "spotters" confessed that they had gone to the places of these parties, bought and drank their liquors, and had become intoxicated thereon; that they had done this for pay, which was dependent upon the conviction of the party whom they hoped to entrap. Evidence of this kind, although direct, explicit, and unimpeached, did not have a good effect upon the jury, who seemed to think that if these men would testify on one side for pay, they could be induced to testify on the other side for pay also—in short, they did not put the fullest confidence in their stories. While this may not seem to be altogether the most manly and straightforward course to bring rumsellers to the ringbolt, juries ought to be inclined to give fully as much weight to the direct evidence of a detective, as to that of a rumseller where his own business is affected. Juries should also remember that it is only from this class of men that they can get direct testimony on this subject. The person who does not frequent liquor saloons, and who does not drink, would be a poor witness, when it is undertaken to prove direct sales. But we have long noticed that in these liquor trials, juries, however made up, generally render their verdicts, not according to the testimony elicited, but according to the individual opinions of the members of the panel whether the liquor law should be enforced or not. And this only shows the necessity of educating the people up to a correct moral sentiment concerning this great question.

The Master's Address.

We surely need not apologize for occupying so large a portion of our first page to the admirable address of Worthy Master Robie at the annual meeting of the State Grange, now being held in Bangor. It is a well written, comprehensive, and instructive document, and shows the appropriateness of having at the head of this important and growing organization, a gentleman familiar with its operations, and in active sympathy with the grand work it is carrying forward. The Master speaks whereof he knows, and his words have therefore added value.

The address will be read with the keenest interest, not only by those within the inner circle of the Grange, but also by those who are in sympathy with progressive agriculture, and desire the advance of all engaged in it. Master Robie attended the national convocation at Washington, and his address shows that he was neither a silent or disinterested spectator there. From the various discussions and conclusions he gleaned a mass of information which he has woven into his annual address, making it of great value for reference in the coming year. How many facts he presents which the farmer and all classes should read and inwardly digest. From it we learn that the Grange in Maine compares most favorably in interest, influence and numbers with the organization in any State in the Union; and the membership here has increased fifty per cent. during the past two years. This must have been stimulating to the Patrons as they bring their forces into line. Maine has a good name to live up to, and we shall not lead them to undue pride, but to go forward to still greater achievements. Among those cultivating the sixty-four thousand farms in Maine, those who have taken advantage of the privileges afforded by the Grange, are the best posted, most intelligent and contented.

The address gives a view of the material progress made in Maine during the few years past. Farms that under the stress of financial embarrassment were mortgaged, have been relieved from that incumberance. The towns and cities are cutting down their municipal indebtedness. The products of the farm are increased from year to year. People are more and more turning their attention from the delusive advertisements of Western speculators, to the broad and fertile, but much neglected acres of our Maine farms. And greater things are yet to be revealed in the future. For this happy change, we are greatly indebted to the institution of the Grange, and the discussions held within the walls of the Grange hall, and wrought out upon the farm. Besides the presentation and consideration of questions more immediately relating to agriculture, home, social, moral, political, educational, reformatory, industrial, and other questions, are discussed, and the people are becoming well informed on those subjects that are of vital importance. As with other professions and occupations, the more brains you bring to this the better. We arise from a careful reading of Master Robie's able paper more than ever impressed with the great value of the Grange, in the moral, mental, and social elevation of the farmer. May its membership be doubled in the new year upon which it now enters.

The Season of Good Will.

Again we detect in the very atmosphere we breathe the beautiful Christmas fragrance. Everything proclaims the reign of that king of all hearts—Santa Claus. No monarch in the world rules over a greater empire. He is enshrined in the hearts of millions of little ones of every race, clime, color or condition—the men and the women that are to be. In no part of the world, perhaps, is he more of a king than in the American Republic; for here he is the only earthly king we know—the king of peace, of good will, and all the tenderest affections that humanity can feel. He comes to us in the season of cold and of storm, when the frost makes fantastic figures upon the windows, but no tropical sun ever scattered more warmth than is diffused from his genial presence by household fires. He is no music so sweet as the foot-falls of his reindeers. May it be heard in every home on the coming Christmas Eve.

We should not forget from whence comes the blessed feelings of this blessed season. The star that hung with clear and undimmed lustre above the plains of Bethlehem, guiding the wise men on their expectant way, has sent, or is sending, its serene and blessed light into every dark and dreary corner of this once sad and weary world. Not until the coming of that helpless babe, who found its cradle in a lowly manger, was the glad message of "Peace, good will to men," sent winging on its triumphant course around the earth. The most hostile foes of Christianity, owe the highest and best blessings of their lives to its benign influence. The most avowed infidel would with heavy heart listen to the sentence that should banish him to a land on which the light of christianity never shone; for the privileges and blessings which make this life, to him, worth living, come along the pathway of its illumination. Setting aside the questions pertaining to the other life, and the necessary mysteries involved, the blessings that contribute to make our present existence pleasant and desirable, are the outgrowth of Christian influences. No land beneath the sun has ever made any high advance in civil privileges, or social comfort, except where first Christianity has been a successful pioneer. Go around the world, visit every land, and learn the condition of the people prior to the period when the gospel of peace and righteousness began to exert its influences upon them, and it will be found to have been a state of ignorance, discomfort, degradation, vice and crime—a state that partook but little of the inspiring influence of hope and joy.

But under the vitalising influences of the religion of Christ, the wilderness has been made to bud and blossom as the rose, and it has been made possible to touch the hearts of men by the sweet influences that roll upon them with the rising of the Christmas tide. We feel that the sentiment is not an unmeaning one as we close these thoughts with wishing the readers and patrons of the *Farmer* a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

THE MAINE CENTRAL. The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Maine Central Railroad was held at Granite Hall, yesterday forenoon. The following board of Directors was chosen by the vote opposite each name:

Abner Coburn	32,649
Darius Alden	"
William G. Davis	"
George E. Jackson	"
Arthur Sewall	"
Horatio N. Jose	31,731
Thomas W. Hyde	32,649
Charles Hamlin	29,502
Willard P. Phillips	32,649
William B. Bacon	"
Frank Jones	26,461
Samuel C. Lawrence	"
Richard Olney	25,543

Jonas H. French received 106 votes, Stephen J. Young 7106, and Lysander Strickland 6188. The board is the same as last year, with the exception of the change of Frank Jones, Samuel C. Lawrence, and Richard Olney are elected in place of Jonas H. French, Stephen J. Young, and Lysander Strickland. A meeting for the election of officers will be held at Portland, on Wednesday next. Assurances are given that there will be no change in the policy or management of the road; that Geo. E. B. Jackson will be retained as President, and Payson Tucker as General Manager. The meeting in Granite hall was harmonious with great joy, and be pleased at the happy termination of a meeting towards which they looked forward with considerable anxiety. We understand, further, that a majority of the new board are opposed to the lease with the Boston & Maine, and will not give their countenance and support to it. And thus the Maine Central is likely to remain a Maine institution.

The programme of the parties in favor of consolidation was carried out at the annual meeting of the stockholders and certificate-holders of the Eastern Railroad. A new board of directors was elected by whom Arthur Sewall of Bath was chosen President, in place of Gen. E. B. Jackson. Mr. Sewall, the President, gives the gratifying assurance that Payson Tucker will continue at General Manager of the road.

Lord & Thomas, advertising agents, of Chicago, have issued a new desk tool, combining an agate measure, nonpariel measure, inch measure, desk ruler, and check cutter. It is a very convenient combination.

The Great Fair.

No organized effort to bring out the people, and compel them to give up their money, ever succeeded more effectually than did the Grand Army Fair held in this city, five nights of last week. Actuated by the cause of benevolence and kindly feeling towards the poor, the people filled the hall at each evening entertainment, and at every afternoon matinee. The total receipts were rising $2,600, netting the handsome sum of $2,000, which the Grand Army charity committee will expend wisely and judiciously for the benefit of the poor in this community.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the Fair was the baby show. Thursday afternoon. There were 29 entries, and as but one prize was awarded for the handsomest baby, 28 indignant mothers turned away from the hall at the close of the show; local squalls were down among the domestic probabilities that night; while the committee to award prizes escaped by a side door. At least two of them did. The other member, when last seen, was enduring the burning glances of an incensed parent (whose child didn't take the prize) who reflected strongly upon the judgment of the entire committee, individually and collectively. There are many old soldiers belonging to the Post, who have marched up to the cannon's mouth without flinching, but who would shrink with horror from being placed on a committee to award prizes at a baby show. The prizes were awarded as follows:

For handsomest baby, ($5 in gold)—Romeo Heanessey, child of Mrs. Nellie Hennessey of Augusta; 10 months.

For heaviest baby, ($2.50 in gold)—Melvin H. Simmons, child of Mrs. Geo. Simmons of Hallowell, 20 months; weight 34 pounds.

For lightest baby, (a silver mug)—The unnamed child of Mrs. Thomas Frost of Augusta, 10 days; weight 7 pounds, 14 ounces.

For handsomest colored baby, ($2.50 in gold)—To Walter Scott Jackson, child of Mrs. Mary E. Jackson; 23 months.

The most elaborate and costly entirement was given Friday evening, being the war songs and choruses, accompanied by the superb music of the Home Band, Togus. It was greeted by attentive audiences of patriotism in the most unresponsive heart.

During the Fair, the following awards were made and prizes gained:

Writing test, 559 ten cent votes cast; 351 for Arthur Pierce of the grammar school, remainder for Jeanette Selbing of the high school. Awarded to Pierce. The committee on the following list of clocks to the letter carriers was a warm one. The vote stood: Ives, Hall, 346; Williams, 320; Weston, 30; Arnold, 12. H. A. Hall having the most votes, received the prize, and the first best clock, and Mr. Williams being the next in order received the second best. A medallion of hammered brass, a gift to the Fair from Mrs. Dr. Hunnewell, daughter of Wm. R. Smith, Esq., was voted to the lady receiving the largest number. Mrs. S. W. Lane had 166 votes, and received the work of art. A gentleman's gold watch was drawn by Harry I. Pickering, and the lady's gold watch by Miss Nancy Soule. The embroidered table cover presented by Fair Rebekah Lodge, was won by Miss S. J. Gallagher; and the picture executed by Grace Fogler was drawn by City Marshal White. L. A. Moore was the best guesser of the Fair, and he was suspended from the ceiling, and it fell to him. Samuel Chute, the one-legged barber, received the easy chair by vote.

The holders of tickets at the recent fair, Nos. 668, 676, 1292 and 1359 can obtain the gifts to which they are entitled, by calling on S. W. Lane. The other 56 gifts have been called for and delivered.

EASTERN RAILROAD. The annual meeting of the stockholders of this road was held last week. Two sets of tickets were in the field. Directors—One for the lease with the Boston & Maine, and one against it. The name of the President, George E. B. Jackson, was left off from the former, he having refused to consent to sign the proposed lease of the road.

The vote of the certificate holders was declared as follows: Frank Jones, 7701; Samuel C. Lawrence, 8094; Jonas H. Morrison, 8094; Richard Olney, 8094; Jacob C. Rogers, 8094; Arthur Sewall, 8093; George E. B. Jackson, 395.

The vote of the stockholders for the directors stood as follows:

Whole number of votes	21,000
Necessary to a choice	10,501
Francis I. Amory	35,508
Thomas W. Hyde	35,508
Charles Hamlin	35,507
John H. French	6,504
Samuel C. Lawrence	6,504
John Cummings	6,504

The following is the entire board elected for the ensuing year: Frank Jones, Samuel C. Lawrence, George S. Morrison, Richard Olney, Jacob C. Rogers, Arthur Sewall, Francis I. Amory, Thomas W. Hyde, Charles Hamlin. Of these, Messrs. Lawrence, Morrison, Olney, Rogers, Sewall and Houghton were members of the old board, while Messrs. French, Jackson and Cummings retire from the board.

The following directors were elected:

Stockholders' Ticket—Francis J. Amory, Boston; Thomas W. Hyde, Bath Me.; Charles Houghton, Boston.

Certificate Holders' Ticket—Frank Jones, Portsmouth, N. H.; Samuel C. Lawrence, Medford; Arthur Sewall, New York; Richard Olney, Boston; Jacob C. Rogers, Peabody; Arthur Sewall, Bath, Me.

A meeting of the directors was subsequently held and an organization effected by the choice of the following:

President—Arthur Sewall, of Bath, Me.

Treasurer—N. D. Chapin, of Boston.

Auditor—Charles F. Read, of Boston.

Clerk—Francis I. Amory.

SUPERIOR COURT. The week in the court in this city, has been devoted mostly to the trial of those charged with selling liquor. In the case of State vs. Thomas A. Pinkham, the case of the government depended solely upon the testimony of Adams, a "spotter," who swore that he bought liquors at the defendant's place in Winthrop. Verdict not guilty. A new jury was organized at this point, and the old one discharged. State vs. D. C. Campbell, for keeping a liquor nuisance in Winthrop. In this case the "spotter" was the sole witness, and it resulted in conviction. State vs. James A. Bowie, for common seller, being a common seller of intoxicating liquor in Waterville. The witnesses in the case were also detectives. Verdict, guilty. State vs. Isaac Hamilton, for liquor nuisance. Witnesses, "spotters. Verdict, not guilty. For being a common rumseller, Lashus was convicted. State vs. Sewall Aldrich, liquor nuisance, on the Thomaston road in Augusta. Verdict, guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of suit, if not paid within 10 days, 60 days in the county jail. The respondent was also sentenced on two appealed liquor cases, in default of payment he was committed to jail. State vs. William Maxcy. Indictment for being a common seller of intoxicating liquors, found at the September term. Verdict, guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine and in default of payment, two months in jail. Committed. The Waterville liquor cases closed with the following: Fifteen or sixteen parties were indicted; of these, six were held and paid fines amounting to $840; six were not held, and escaped; one escaped from jail; one not held (with one exception) were accused of selling larger beer, and successfully set up the defence that the beer was simply lager beer, and that the jury seemed to have a very wholesome effect.

Monday afternoon the court adjourned to Wednesday, the 26th.

THE STATE GRANGE. The opening meeting of the annual session of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, took place at City Hall, Bangor, Tuesday morning, to which place the Grange in large number were in attendance, there being upwards of three hundred present, including many ladies. The work of the forenoon was secret and nothing of a public nature transpired. In the afternoon, announcement having been made that the public would be admitted to hear Worthy Master Robie's annual address, City Hall was filled to repletion. The address of Gov. Robie will be found in full on our first page, and is commented upon elsewhere editorially. All present spoke in the highest praise of the address. After a recess, in which those not members of the Grange had an opportunity to leave, reports were made by the Secretary, S. M. Hall, of Bangor, the Treasurer, S. Smith, of Norway, the Lecturer, Mr. C. M. Freeman, of Veazie, and also by Mr. Freeman, the Executive Committee. From the report of the Secretary we learn that there have been sixteen new Granges organized during the year, and fourteen have been added to the membership number 1231.

WINTER TRAVEL. We desire to call the especial attention of the traveling public to the advantages offered for through winter travel, by the Maine Central Railroad. The 6 P. M. train each day from Portland to Boston over the Eastern R. R., connects in the afternoon train of the Maine Central and Knox & Lincoln. This train is to remain on all winter, and makes the run from Portland to Boston in 3½ hours, a fact which ought to be appreciated. A business man on the Kennebec, can attend to his business here, and take the afternoon train, and be straight through to Boston the same night. This train is put on as an experiment by the enterprising Superintendent, and the public should give it a liberal support that it may be maintained.

A VETERAN INDEED. Mr. L. P. Hayward of Fayville, Mass., has not only taken the *Farmer* since its publication, but subscribed before the paper was started. In a letter to us, dated Dec. 15th, among other good things: "The *Farmer* is a very nice paper, and we prize it highly. It has grown to large proportions. I remember when the first number came out, fifty-one years ago, and it was very small. I subscribed for it before it was printed, and through all these years it has been a constant visitor to our house, and the older it grows the better I like it. I should not know how to do without it. It comes from my native city, and is like a visit from home."

Terrible Tragedy at Richmond.

On Wednesday night, the pleasant town of Richmond, Sagadahoc county, was the scene of a horrible tragedy. Joseph Denney, a harmless Indian, known as "Indian Joe," who lived with his family at the house of Sewall J. Plummer, situated some two miles from the village, was murdered by Louis E. Hopkins. The family belonged to the Penobscot tribe, and had been in Richmond but a few weeks. The upper story of the house was occupied by Joseph S. Francis, a son-in-law of "Old Joe," and his wife and daughter. Hopkins, a tall, slim-limbed, dark-complexioned fellow, 38 years of age. He was born in Albion. Turner is a small man, 33 years of age, and was a soldier in the 19th Maine Regt. Both are long been drinking men. The murdered Indian was 65 years old, and his wife is aged 69.

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JOHN L. STEVENS,
CHARLES HEWINS,
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Committee of the Society.
Augusta, Dec. 17, 1883.

For the Maine Farmer.

Europe Revisited—No. 5.

STIRLING.

"The bulwark of the north,
Gray Stirling, with its towers and town."

We walked up to the castle by a paved way called the Castle Wynd. On either hand were many curious antique buildings. One was bulls for a palace, and was in its day an ornate castellated edifice of old style, the residence of the Duke of Argyle, an ancestor of the present Marquis of Lorne. It is now used as a military hospital. Another large building commenced by the Earl of Mar, and called Mar's Work, was never finished, and is now in ruins. In one of the courts we saw a squad of soldiers parading in the picturesque Highland costume, with red coats and bare knees. Leaving the castle, we followed a foot path called the Back Walk, which winds round the hill, with the lofty castle wall on one side, and a steep precipice on the other, and is overarched by tall and beautiful trees. Near the foot of the hill, we wandered through the public cemetery, which has many monuments of famous people, as well as other objects worthy of notice. A conspicuous structure called the Stone Pyramid, is so constructed and inscribed as to exhibit Bible truths. There are terraces, grottoes, embellished rock work, and an ornamental rock foundation. Among the memorials of the dead, I noticed the Martyrs' Monument, of white marble, with sculptured figures of an angel and two females, and inclosed for protection by a glass case. Attached to the inscription, it was erected in memory of "Margaret Wilson and her like-minded sister Agnes," bound to a stake in the Solway Firth, and drowned by the flood tide. She escaped, however, and rushing up stairs, both women entered their room and barricaded the door. "Old Joe" and his wife then came to their door, and broke it in, and off of the kitchen, and fastened the door and were in the act of retiring for the night. The old lady had disrobed and got into bed with a child, and Turner on the side of the bed, when the roughs, now thoroughly infuriated, battered down the door, rushed into the room, dragged the old woman from her bed and married her into the kitchen. She screamed for help and the husband rushed to the rescue of his wife. Hopkins struck him down in the doorway. When the old man tried to pass, Hopkins struck him, knocked him down and stamped on his head, killing him then and there by his brute strength. While this was going on Turndr threw the woman on the couch and assaulted her. Hopkins then seized the old woman and repeated the crime. Then the criminals, not satisfied with this, turned their attention to the girls up-stairs. Turner started up the stairway and attempted to gain entrance to the apartment where the women were. He told them he would kill them and at the same time pounded and kicked against the door. He said: "I have got a revolver, and am bound to break in, or I have your blood!" There was a long water spout leading from the upper part of the house to the ground. The young Indian then got his wife and child out of the window and they slid to the ground. Finding that these had escaped them, the desperadoes made a dash for Carter's wife and attempted to assault her. She jumped from a window, however, and got away. Turner caught her by the arm just as she was going out, tearing her sleeve. The fugitives came to Sewall Lancaster's, near by, for protection.

The parties were arrested, and had their examination at Richmond, Thursday morning. It appeared at that time that Lint had nothing to do with the murder and was discharged, but put under bonds to appear as witness at the trial, which will be held in Bath. Louis E. Hopkins was held for the murder of Joseph Denney, Indian, and Louis Turner, was held for being accessory to the murder.

Both prisoners were brought to Kennebec jail, for safe keeping, where they will remain until the trial. Hopkins is a large, slim-limbed, dark-complexioned fellow, 38 years of age. He was born in Albion. Turner is a small man, 33 years of age, and was a soldier in the 19th Maine Regt. Both are long been drinking men. The murdered Indian was 65 years old, and his wife is aged 69.

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For the Maine Farmer.

The Christmas Presents Club.

Mr. Editor:—I am a little girl only twelve years old, but I have made Christmas presents for three years, and mamma thinks I can join a C. P. Club. This year I have commenced a knitting apron for my grandma; I took the pattern from one my cousin was making when she visited us last summer. It is made of a straight breadth of gray linen, and at the bottom about eight inches is turned up on the right side to form a pocket for the ball of yarn and for the work itself when it is put away. Straight across the apron just above the pocket are the words "When daylight is fleeting," and a picture of a knitting work. Across the pocket are the words, "We've Richmond village on their way to their homes, which are a short distance beyond this scene of the murder, on the Gardiner road. About eleven o'clock the three drove up to "Old Joe's," hitched their horses and entered the kitchen. Here they commenced to eat in a demonstrative manner, carousing and talking ugly. Hopkins warmed his hands at the stove, saying: "This stove is hot, d—d hot; and if it aint hot, I would like to know." Young Francis took his wife to go up stairs. Lint said: "I've got some rum, Plummer." Plummer replied: "Let's have a drink." Lint and Plummer went into a bed room and drank. Lint went out of doors and sat down on the banking, where he remained during the events that followed. Indian Joe, seeing this, went into the bed room. Young Francis put the coat, "bloom of fresh and fair," on the poet, "about to die," and the old man with the "little birds sing," and saw "the rose and woodbine twine," by the side of the lovely river. We crossed the "auld brig of Doon," celebrated by Burns' "Tam O'Shanter." It is a fine, old, rough structure of one arch, and still stands strong. The "bonnie Doon" flows a little way further up the river. The ancient Alloway Kirk (church) which figures in "Tam O'Shanter," is a rude stone building, out of repair, in all points. The old churchyard in the church yard surrounded by old-time grave stones, some of them dating back 200 years. Beside the church is a monument to the 200 years old yew tree, reputed to be the largest in Scotland, and is still green and flourishing. One of the church walls is covered with ivy on the inner side. The monument in memory of Burns stands in a garden of shrubbery and flowers, evidently cultivated with great care. In the basement of the monument is a room some ten feet square, where a lady sits to wait upon visitors. The upper part is a canopy supported by pliars, the whole height being perhaps 20 or 40 feet. Climbing up to the top of this is an impressive view of the beautiful country.

Here beside the banks of the Doon, and amid the sylvan scenes that surround Ayr and Alloway, Burns wrote poetry, born in a peasant's cot, and weighed down by poverty and misfortune, felt the inspiration of genius warm his soul with poetic fire, and sang his immortal lays. "The round world echoed with his song."

"Hear high thy blank, majestic hills,
Thy shepherd valleys proudly spread,
And, louder, sweep, ye living rills,
Ye forests bend, ye floods dash down,
And wave thy hoshis with blossom red;
But oh, what poet now adorns
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead?
Who sang with all the enduring strain?"

Returning to Ayr, we passed a military encampment, where a large number of soldiers in red coats, and some of the companies in Highland costumes, were marching and counter-mar

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.—December 20, 1883.

Items of General News.

Nearly a foot of snow fell in Boston, Sunday night and Monday.

Chicago police made a raid Saturday on gambling houses and arrested eighty persons.

Four boys have been arrested in Milwaukee for burning barns, "just for the fun of it." They all confessed.

The Wamsutta mills of New Bedford, Mass., have posted a notice that wages will be reduced in January about ten per cent.

A collision on the Central Railroad of Georgia, near Savannah, Friday, wrecked both trains, and killed one person and badly wounded others.

Morgan Bebee, aged 58, was found frozen to death on the road between Norwich and New London, Ct., Sunday. He left Norwich, Saturday night, for Oakville.

The criminal court of Gallatin, Mo., Monday, fixed the bail at $5,000 in the case of Frank James for the murder of cashier Sheals in 1869. The prisoner was remanded to jail.

A special from San Antonio says that it is estimated that 3000 miles of fencing have been destroyed by wire cutters in the region west of San Antonio during the past fifteen days.

The coroner's jury in the case of Francis J. Parmeter of Providence, R. I., found on the 8th inst., have rendered a verdict of death at the hands of parties unknown.

The republican national committee have decided that the next convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President, shall be held at Chicago, on the 3rd of June.

William D. Fox of Mobile Ala., beat his wife while she was in bed Saturday. He then poured kerosene on the woman and burned her to death. The woman was badly injured. Fox is in jail.

Lane & Son of New York, failed, Monday. They have been in the grain business nearly thirty years and are among the most respected brokers on the Produce Exchange. Liabilities, $600,000.

In consequence of the recent break in prices of cotton goods, leaving, it is claimed, no margin for profit, notices of a reduction of wages were posted Thursday, in many of the leading mills in Rhode Island.

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Fred Doughty, a farmer at the Brunswick county farm, went Tuesday morning to the outskirts of the town with a team for wood. He was found in the afternoon two miles from the town in a dying condition. It is supposed he was thrown from the team and run over. The chances of his recovery are doubtful.

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Items of Maine News.

E. G. Coffin of Skowhegan, sold a colt last week for $1500.

Herring at Eastport has been selling for from 40 to 50 cents per hundred.

Mrs. Walter Jordan of Farmington Falls, fell down the cellar stairs and is severely hurt.

The Belfast shoe factory has started up again, with new machinery and additional force.

The Maine Historical Society will hold its winter meeting in Portland, Friday, December 21st.

Mr. R. B. Hall, the accomplished comedist, will be soloist at the Foreign Exposition Fair in Boston, next week.

The town of Searsmont is now not only more than even with the world financially, but is not paying interest on a single dollar.

The No. Jay Granite Co., have contracted to furnish the city of Portland with 140,000 paving blocks, to be delivered next summer.

B. F. Stevens grocery store was burglarized at Rockland, Monday night, and $50 worth of goods taken. No arrests have been made.

The Penobscot is now closed to navigation. The steamers and other vessels got out. The river has been open about eight days.

Samuel F. Snow of Bangor, who was injured by a fall from his barn while swinging, died from the effects of his injuries. He was about sixty-three years of age.

Strong is said to have a new industry started with the coming of spring, in the shape of a manufactory for the turning out of fork, spade and hoe handles, dowels, boxes, etc.

The President, Tuesday, appointed the following Maine postmasters: Elliott W. Ward at Winthrop; J. H. Banks at Biddeford; Jacob B. Thomas at Hallowell; W. M. Dunn at Waterville.

It is now thought that a clue has been obtained that will lead to the capture of the parties who poisoned with Paris Green several cattle and sheep belonging to Leonard G. Austin of Parkman.

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The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Dec. 18, 1883.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 1390; sheep and lambs, 5380; fat swine 18 720.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 03¾@7 25; first, $6 00@6 50; second, $5 25@5 87½; third, $4 37½@5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 12½@4 25.

Brighton Hides—7½@8c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—6½c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6c per lb.; heavy, 5c per lb.

Country Tallow—4@5c per lb.

Calf Skins—11c per lb.

Sheep and Lamb Skins—85c@$1 40 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Price per 100 lbs. live wt.	Average weight
Fitch & Eames,	10	6 40 "	1235
do	10	6 25 "	1150
do	8	6 30 "	1150
do	8	6 50 "	1230
J. Stetson & Co.,	8	6 50 "	1290
do	13	6 25 "	1180
do	14	5 75 "	1168
C. Leavitt & Son,	6	6 50 "	1058
do	7	5 50 "	1012
do	9	6 12½ "	1180
do	5	6 00 "	1130
do	17	6 20 "	1300
A. N. Monroe	17	6 50 "	1085
do	17	6 85 "	1175
do	15	6 35 "	1151
do	15	6 00 "	1135
do	17	5 90 "	1135
do	17	7 00 "	1340
do	15	6 90 "	1430
do	16	7 25 "	

The trade for beef Cattle opened slow this week. Cattle cost higher at the yards and drovers were trying to get higher prices for them here, but judging from the sales we do not think there was much, if any change in prices from those noted one week since; sales, in most instances, ranged from $6 50@7 per 100 lbs, live weight. There were some very nice lots of Cattle brought in which were intended for the export trade, landed at the yards, from 6¾@7¼c per lb. live weight.

Sheep and Lambs—Most of the Sheep and Lambs from the West were owned by butchers. Sheep cost, landed at the yards, from 4½@5c and Lambs 5¾@6c per lb., live weight. There were several hundred head of nice Sheep brought in which were intended for the export trade.

Swine—Prices have advanced, those from the West costing from 6½@6¾c per pound the West costing from 6½@6¾c per pound and are selling at 7@7½c per lb. live weight. In our number we include all the Western Fat Hogs that are brought in over the several railroads. Messrs. J. P. Squire & Co. slaughtered 10,797 head of Fat Hogs. Store Pigs are in light demand at the present time, selling at 6@8c per lb. for small ones, or from $1@7 per head.

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 19.

FLOUR.—The market for Flour has been very dull the past week and the sales have confined to small lots. Prices remain about the same. Sales of Michigan superfine have been at $3 00@3 50; $3 75 for No 2 common extras; $4 25@4 50 for Minnesota extras, straights; $5 25@5 75 for Minnesota extras, patents; $5 00@5 25 for have been dull, sales at $5 00@5 25 for Michigan, $5 25@6 00 for Ohio and Indiana, $5 50@6 15 for Illinois and St. Louis, and $6 50@6 75 for Minnesota. Rye Flour is selling at $4 50@5 00 per bbl. Corn Meal is steady at $6 00@6 25 and patent do at $6 25@6 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 75c; new oats 43; small lots at 45c; cotton seed, car lots at $26 00; cotton seed, car lots at $26 00; cotton seed, car lots at $26 00

Poetry.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can win the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horrid there on high vision frown,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

OTHELLO.

Translated from the German by H. M. Estabrooke.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

VIII.

Since that hour the count had never referred to the subject. He was often gloomy, there were moments of deep anguish, but they did not agree with them that confession of guilt which had once been on his lips; he was closer than ever. Sometimes the major did not see him for days; but the business which called him to this town left him but few hours of leisure, and the count spent most of his time at the theatre where he was assisting in the preparations for Othello. He was present at nearly every rehearsal, and his tact, his extensive travel, his correct taste, suggested many improvements which had escaped the eye and the ear of even so keen a critic as the old director, who in the interest with which the count had inspired him sometimes forgot the dark forbodings which tortured his soul.

And so Othello was hastening to completion, a thing which in the beginning was thought impossible. The opera, through the strange circumstances which had hindered its earlier preparations, possessed a new interest for the singers, and it is no wonder that they looked themselves to the utmost to satisfy expectation; no wonder they looked forward to the day which should see the Moor of Venice on the stage.

There were two things which heightened the public interest. The singer Fanuti had a great reputation, and all were eager to see how she would sustain herself in Desdemona, a role which demanded not only excellent singing but also the highest tragic art. Added to this was the rumor of the strange events which had attended accompanied Othello. The old people told the story, the young repeated it, lovely ones at Dariey's; but they cost heartily, and it's of no use to wish for that. And I want one of those pretty Japanese jars to set the shovel and tongs and poker in; but I can't have that either, so I guess I don't want anything."

"But I mean just for yourself—gloves and ribbons, and lace things."

Ada turned her bright face on Sam, as she answered firmly:

"I will not want what I cannot have: every girl wants pretty things to wear; but I couldn't enjoy them while mother has only her old blacksmith for Sunday, and father doesn't buy him a new coat, though the old one has been cleaned over and over. I tell you, Sam, I think father is worried about something."

Sam looked grave for a moment and then announced that he was going out to Uncle John's to see the new colts. On his way he went around by Darley's, just to take a look at the window-boxes. They were certainly very handsome and very expensive, but after Sam had surveyed them on all sides he decided that very few would make one."

Uncle John was a farmer who lived a couple of miles out from the city, and Sam spent most of his holidays on the farm, where the great honesty house, the big barns, the clear gravelly creek, the woods and the meadows and the hills, were full of fascination. To-day, however, he was intent upon business, and after a brief visit than usual he went home with an immense bunch of turney feathers, white, black and gray, which he laid away in a safe place in the warehouse at the barn.

"Now for the handles," said Sam, rummaging in his box of odds and ends until he found the very thing he wanted—a round piece of black-walnut chair, prettily turned into clusters of balls in the middle and smaller clusters near the ends. He carried his find into the kitchen, where his mother was busy at the kitchen stove to heat while he prepared his handles, sawing the upper end smoothly off by one of the rings, and boring a hole lengthwise in the other nearly about two inches apart. Then he prepared the feathers by carefully shaving off the thick quill, leaving only a thin strip. Taking the end of one feather he drew it through the lower hole in the handle and fastened it securely, and having laid a row of dark feathers around the end of the stick he wound them very closely with the wire; then he added a second row of yellowish feathers, then a row of light gray and white, finishing with some shorter ones of soft down, winding each row with the wire, and saturating the ends with glue; then he secured his wire by bringing it through the second hole, and hammering it down with the head of the hammer, and added another duster. It only needed to have the ends of the feathers concealed, and that Sam meant to attend to by-and-by; so he hung them up in the barn and left a row of six dusters hanging up to dry.

I am afraid those dusters brushed away more of Sam's thoughts on Sunday; for more than once he found himself looking at the carved altar rails and thinking what pretty handles they would make if they were turned.

On Monday he explored the shoemakers' shops, and came home with his pockets stuffed with scraps of red-and-blue leather, with joy, a smile lingered upon her lips; Othello was to be played, her wish was about to be fulfilled. She placed the lorgnette to her eyes and glanced about the house as if searching for something. Poor innocent heart! you are looking in vain for your loved one; your loving glances will never find him again; your ear will listen in vain for his footstep along the corridor.

She lowered her glass; there was a look of disappointment on her face. The fine, silken lashes fell like a transparent veil over her eyes. She seemed to be forming letters with her lorgnette on the railing of the box. Was she writing his name as she sat sunken in thought? How soon she would curse the name which now filled her soul.

The major's eyes filled with tears as he watched the princess. "She little dreams what awaits her," thought he; "but she shall never, never know how miserable was the one she loved." The thought of the count's baseness roused his anger anew, and he cursed the thoughtlessness and weakness which could change a brave and honorable man into a contemptible deceiver. The major has often confessed that it was one of the most trying moments of his life when, in the pause between the acts of Othello, he entered the ducal box. He felt that it might be he who would break her heart. The thought was insupportable when he saw her before him so innocent, so happy, so free of expectation, and yet to know what misfortune awaited her. His emotion during the first act was so great that he was obliged to leave the house, for she had often seen him at the door of her box. With hasty impatience she overlooked a prince and two generals who were trying to gain a residence lay upon the presiding book, and to the astonishment of the major he pressed a billet into his hand and disappeared around the nearest corner. The major could not comprehend from whence in a town in which he was a total stranger a woman could come to him on so dangerous a message. He examined the billet on all sides: it was written on the finest paper, artistically folded, and sealed with a beautiful cameo. There was no superscription. "Perhaps some one is hoaxing me," he thought, and opened it carelessly on the street. He read and became attentive; he read further and grew pale, and thrust the paper into his pocket and hastened to his dwelling and into his own room.

It was already twilight in the street; he thought he had not read the lines aright, and called for a light. But in the bright glow of the candle the fatal, threatening words continued to stand:

"Would I cause you to leave thy wife, thy little children to languish in misery, whilst thou movest before the world in splendor and show? Will thou disgrace an honorable, princely house, and make thy daughter as unhappy as thou hast made thy own wife? Fy, for the moment thou leavest, the Princess Sophia shall learn thy shameful deeds.

The major was not in doubt for a moment that these lines were intended for the count, and that by mistake, perhaps because he had on his friend's clothing, they had fallen into his hands. And now, that outbreak of despair became clear: it was remorse and self-contempt which in a single moment had broken through the glittering mask, with which he had covered himself. Larun's glance fell upon the lines which he still held in his hand; the cipher, Fr. Sph., could be intended for no one but the count. Sophia—the fate of the unfortunate child whom the betrayer had drawn into his net. The major was a cool, calculating man, who rarely lost his self-possession, but in this moment he was no longer master of himself. Anger and contempt strove for the mastery in his soul. He tried to consider the case in a milder point of view, to excuse the count because of his thoughtlessness, but the words, "thy wife and thy little children," drove every milder thought from his mind. Indeed, sometimes his eye turned involuntarily to the wall where his pistols hung as though he burned to take swift vengeance on the betrayer, but a stern effected what a milder voice in his breast could not. "He must go from here this very hour, he cried: "the unfortunate girl whom he has infatuated, must not on any consideration learn the misery which her first love has brought her. She will mourn for him, forgot him; if she were to despise him it would kill her. He will leave Venice very quickly on paper, enclosed a large sum of money, more than he could well spare, and sent them together with the unfortunate billet, by the servant to the count.

It was time to go to the opera, and though the major would willingly have avoided seeing any one again that day, he believed it to be his duty to be near the princess from threatened disclosures. How could he do so? He could think of no plan but to swear her to receive no letters from strange hands. In the street on his coach, he was about to leave the room, when his servant returned with the packet to the count still in his hand. "His excellency has gone," said he, and he laid the packet on the table.

"Gone!" cried the major. "Impossible!"

"His servant is at the door with a letter for you; shall I bring him in?"

The major nodded, the count's servant entered and gave him a letter. He tore it open.

"Farewell forever! The letter which I have learned fell into your hands an hour ago will excuse my departure. *sans adieu.* Will my comrade of six campaigns spare a dearly loved girl the pain of seeing my name in all the papers? Will he guard the little post which I must now abandon?"

"When did your master depart?"

"A quarter of an hour ago, Herr Major."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No, Herr Major. I do not believe his excellency himself knew at noon that he was to go. At five o'clock the count went out on foot and told me to follow him. At the Rialto he ordered me to wait for a gali, this man, who went up to my master and asked him if he were the Count Zronlevsky.

"My master replied that he was; thereupon he asked if he had received a letter a quarter of an hour before. My master said that he had not. Then the stranger talked in a low tone to the count, and he must have brought bad news, for the count grew pale and trembled; he went back to the house, sent the coachman for the post-horses, and ordered me to pack two trunks immediately. The count referred me with the bill to you; then he bade me farewell, went out of the south door, and is gone, I believe, forever." The major had listened silently to the servant's story; bidding him come again in the morning, he went to the opera. The overture had already begun when he entered his box and threw himself down on a chair from which he could watch the princess. Sophia, as lovely and beautiful as ever, sat next to her mother. Her eyes seemed to sparkle

Curious Things.

Out of the Sea.

News of a remarkable volcanic outburst in the Arctic regions has recently been received in San Francisco. In a letter from Mrs. Frederick Smith, the wife of the deputy collector of customs at Ounalaska, to her brother, Dr. J. H. Hadley of San Francisco, dated October 16, the writer says that on that day a most unusual sight was witnessed in the heavens to the north of Ounalaska, and that soon afterward the sky grew very dark, a dense black cloud covering the whole horizon and hanging so low as to permit a close inspection of its composition, though this could not be made out at that time. This cloud and its general color and outline were so unlike anything the writer had ever seen before as to defy comparison. The sight of the sun was completely excluded from that section, many ascribing this to a total eclipse, and others, seeing the cloud and the reflecting a peculiar and very unusual heat in the atmosphere, thought the world was approaching its end. Prediction to the effect of the signal station predicted a heavy gale on the appearance of this phenomenal cloud; but it was not until it broke, which occurred half an hour afterward, that its real nature was discovered. On collapsing, the tremendous body of vapor, now assuming everything to the depth of four or five inches in a sheet of dull gray ashes. Its volcanic origin was soon apparent, but before the ashes of the volcano on the island and the only mountain of any great extent, Mokoshin, 5,474 feet in height, began to rumble as loud, and shoveling in clouds, the eruption was thought to have taken place on the island of Bogoslov (God's land), thirty miles northwest from Ounalaska. Reports have been brought in from time to time during the summer by natives, of the doings of the "angry mountain" of Bogoslov, and to this volcano the cloud of ashes seems to have been attributable.

Captain Hogue of the steamer Dora, which brought the letter of Mrs. Smith from Ounolaska, said in reply to an inquiry that he had been at Bogoslov, twice during the past season. There was nothing visible there but a mass of flame and smoke, with pieces of red-hot rocks leaping from the great cone in the centre of the mass and great quantities of lava running down to the sea. He did not dare to approach within a mile and a half of the island. But what was most remarkable and singular was a new feature which was then visible in the scene. A new island had sprung up not far distant from Bogoslov since his previous voyage to that spot, with a cone shaped peak in the centre, 500 to 800 feet high, that portion of its irregular outline nearest to Bogoslov being but a few miles away from the old island. It was about three-fourths of a mile in length and width.

The captain went on to say that the island of Bogoslov had been uninhabited by natives and was barren of vegetation, the capture of sea-lions being the only industry engaged in, and that upon the appearance of a remarkable assertion was made in regard to the sea-lions. Many of them were reported as having been killed by the volcanic eruption, and the sea was said to be swarming with these animals. The greater portion of those still alive were fearless, the heat to which they had been subjected having removed their fear of man, rendering those caught in this vicinity of no value to the hunter.

Some of the names which fell at Ounlaska were examined. They were peculiar in their lightness and cottony appearance, and the statement of their having been borne thirty miles in the air by a light wind may be easily credited. Captain Hogue has given to his discovery the name of New Bogoslov.

How Spools Are Made.

In the manufacture of spools, white birch is used exclusively. The wood is first sawed into blocks of the length and of nine sizes, varying by sixteenths from one inch to one and a half inches square. It is then dried as thoroughly as it can be out of doors. Inside the factory it first goes to the rougher, where the strips are cut into cylinders the length of a spool and the holes bored, the turning and boring being performed at one operation, and the cutting off with a small circular saw at another, all on one machine. These little cylinders drop from the rougher into a barrel, from whence they are removed to the rollers of revolving stated cylinders, in which the fine dirt and fuzz left by the saw and bits are removed. The pieces are then poured over the filling machine, where grooves are sorted out to feed the ever-hungry fires under the boiler.

The next process is a more thorough seasoning of the blocks in a lott, and then they go to the reamer, where the centre holes are made to the exact size required, which cannot be done by the rougher on account of the shrinking of the wood in leaving that machine. Until lately the reaming has been done by an ordinary reaming tool working in a lathe, the work being held by hand, but a new machine has been recently put in, which will ream the spools as fast as two boys can feed them into the spouts. At each oscillation of the mandrel from each side of the machine a spool is ejected, one at each end, the machine turning out about two hundred and forty per minute. The next machine is the finisher, which finishes the ends and ordinarily lathe by which the spools are turned into shape by one operation at the rate of one thousand to fifteen hundred per hour. There are eight cutting knives in this machine—four at each end, standing up perpendicularly to the length of the spool—for trimming the end, horizontally, for turning the outside (the flange); between these, two others, standing diagonally, for the inside of the flange; another, horizontally for turning out the space between the two flanges and a small circular chisel for cutting the finish on top of the spool.

The spools have now received their shape and need only the finishing touches. These are given, first by two polishers, which are the same as the rollers above, the friction of the spools against each other giving them the required polish. After reaming and finishing in this from four to five hours they are again sorted by hand and all imperfect ones removed, after which they go to the stamping machine, a very ingenious machine, which stamps the number of the thread and some ornamental devices upon the head of each spool.

Biggest Dictionary on Earth.

A dictionary large enough to include a minute explanation of the meaning of every word which has even once been used in reputable English at any epoch of its history is shortly to be produced by the Oxford University. This work will surpass in voluminousness the largest dictionary extant, being issued in 24 parts, each containing 350 pages, and will cost at least $250,000. Dean (now Archbishop) Trench, first mooted the colossal literary project in 1859, and the Philological society has carried the plan into effect. Dr. Murray, Johnson's dictionary forms its basis, but his mistakes in derivation and definition are corrected and his vocabulary enlarged, painting it in alternate stripes of black and red. It seemed as if there was no end to the pretty things that might be made for next to nothing, and soon went around with an air of despair from the home stretch, all night; while the family kindly ignored an occasional streak of red paint on his nose, or a suspicious smell of turpentine which sometimes followed him.

Christmas was a day of surprises. At his mother's suggestion Sam had put under his window-boxes some old castors, and then she helped him fill them by putting in a layer of charcoal and carefully arranging the pots of flowers—the tallest in the middle, and drooping plants at the edges—and filling all the spaces with rich earth which Sam covered with moss from the woods. Every one was delighted with the result; but Sam regretted that he had not bored two holes in each end, through which to pass strong wires bent to support a great Chinese clam-shell, which might be filled with a trailing mass of lobelia or Kenilworth ivy.

"Let me see," said Sam, "I have two featherdusters, two spool-baskets, two window-boxes, a pen-wiper, a needle-book, a pin-basket, one box of fire-crums. They all cost me just ninety-eight cents; and I have twenty-seven cents left in my pocket to treat Sophie McCreedy." "Oh, dollar and twenty-five cents capital," said his father; "you are pretty much the most of it." "No, sir," said Sam, "I had only five cents."

Wit, Rumor, and Pleasantries.

"Are you going to follow the suggestion of the railway officials and adopt the mean time?" asked the watchmaker of Mr. Stubbins. "Mean time? No, indeed. My watch keeps mean time enough now."

Every noted foreigner who arrives on our shores "loves America." As long, that is, as he remains money here. If his undertakings result disastrously in a financial point of view, he goes home and writes a book about America. And it is only natural that he should.—Detroit Free Press.

Sam laughed merrily at the thought, and turned a somerset on the porch as he went in to supper. For the next three days nothing better offered than to furnish the evening papers to his father and Mr. Lanman; but Saturday found him with twenty-five cents in hand as the result of that enterprise. He had never felt half so rich in his life; and, as he watched his sister Ada busily dusting the parlors, he suddenly asked her what she wanted for a Christmas present.

"Oh, I don't know," said Ada, whisking her duster over a picture, "a new duster, I believe; this old thing leaves the dust in streaks."

"Wonder how they make 'em," said Sam, catching the duster from her hand and plunging his fingers among the feathers; "pooh, that's easy enough; I could make one myself."

"I suppose so, have five dollars at least," thought Sam, and at that moment he resolved to give up the letter, but the prince and the generals entering the box prevented, and he was forced to remain. Friend with anxiety he returned to his own seat. He covered his eyes with his hand in order to shut the unfortunate girl from his sight, and yet the knowledge of an approaching misfortune made him look at her again and again.

The diamonds on the clasp of her bracelet flashed a thousand rays to where he sat, penetrating his heart like a thousand arrows. "What sorrow those diamonds enclose! When she opens this bracelet in her chamber will there not be cause for grief! Her pulse beats against those lines as her heart throbs for her lover; will not her heart stand still as she reads the fatal news?"

Desdemona swept the strings of her harp; their sorrowful harmony went whispering through the house, and then she began her swan-song. How strangely how powerfully the melancholy air seized upon each heart, so simple, so childlike in this song, and yet of such high tragic effect! There was a feeling of fear and oppression in the audience as they guessed what terrible fate awaited her, as they fancied they could hear the murderer's creeping along in the distance, as they felt the resistless power of fate draw nearer and nearer, as it hovered above her like the pinions of death. She knew nothing of it, innocent as a child she sits at the harp, her sadness finds vent in song which wells up from her breast, from the warm, loving heart which has ceased to beat only when she whispered a love-greeting to him—to him who will destroy her; her longing seems to be to call him to her arms, and he will come—to murder her! she prays for him, she blesses him—who takes her life.

The major divided his glances between the singer and Sophia, who sat listening, her eyes filled with tears. "If I only it shall be my swan-song," memory kept repeating in the major's ears. "She has spoken truly," he said in hollow tone and pressed his hand to his heart. "Desdemona, the dead," and the astonishment of the major he pressed a billet into his hand and disappeared around the nearest corner. The major could not comprehend from whence in a town in which he was a total stranger a woman could come to him on so dangerous a message. He examined the billet on all sides: it was written on the finest paper, artistically folded, and sealed with a beautiful cameo. There was no superscription. "Perhaps some one is hoaxing me," he thought, and opened it carelessly on the street. He read and became attentive; he read further and grew pale, and thrust the paper into his pocket and hastened to his dwelling and into his own room.

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"Gone!" cried the major. "Impossible!"

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"Farewell forever! The letter which I have learned fell into your hands an hour ago will excuse my departure. *sans adieu.* Will my comrade of six campaigns spare a dearly loved girl the pain of seeing my name in all the papers? Will he guard the little post which I must now abandon?"

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"A quarter of an hour ago, Herr Major."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

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"My master replied that he was; thereupon he asked if he had received a letter a quarter of an hour before. My master said that he had not. Then the stranger talked in a low tone to the count, and he must have brought bad news, for the count grew pale and trembled; he went back to the house, sent the coachman for the post-horses, and ordered me to pack two trunks immediately. The count referred me with the bill to you; then he bade me farewell, went out of the south door, and is gone, I believe, forever." The major had listened silently to the servant's story; bidding him come again in the morning, he went to the opera. The overture had already begun when he entered his box and threw himself down on a chair from which he could watch the princess. Sophia, as lovely and beautiful as ever, sat next to her mother. Her eyes seemed to sparkle

Young Folks' Column.

For the Young Folks' Column.

The Beech Grove Cattle Show and Fair.

It seemed to the young people of Beech Grove that the tenth of October would never come, but it *did* come at last, the bright, glorious morning so long and eagerly anticipated, for it was on that eventful day that they were to hold their Cattle Show and Fair. It would make my story too long to tell you how it all came about; how, in the early spring, the Governor himself had addressed the people in the little, old red school house, and among other things urged the importance of interesting the boys and girls in home pursuits, thus unconsciously planting the germ whose fruit was to be the "Children's Fair." How the elders of the town had thought the matter over until it was decided to offer a prize for the best specimens of farm produce grown and exhibited by the boys at the full cattle show, and the best collection of household goods by the girls at the fair.

From such a small beginning came the "Beech Grove Juvenile Cattle Show and Fair." The young folks went to work with a will, and after their crops had been all planted began to look up other matters. The fall came on apace, and the time intervened until at last they unanimously decided that they would have a show of their own, independent of grown up folks. It was a great day for the little town. Even the most never had the trotting park held such a crowd as assembled there on that bright October day to witness the success of the grand scheme. Everything in the park was conducted by the boys. Each one of them, from the gate tender to the field marshal, was in uniform, red sashes and caps, for no one was allowed to enter the park and no one wanted to be slighted, so they were all "Officers of the day." In the long agricultural hall the girls had placed the products of their labor to the best advantage, and patchwork quilts, the gay hearth rugs, tidies, fruit and flowers, and even money bread and golden butter made entirely by the laughing, rosy-cheeked committee of girls. In short, everything usually found at such places was well represented there, and old 'squire Bell expressed the opinion of all when he exclaimed, rather loudly to be sure: "Wal, gals, I ruther think you've beat the old folks."

Outside, the show was not so large as usual, but it lacked in quantity it made up in quality. Tom Gordan's matched calves won the admiration of all, but were closely rivaled by those of Ed Smith at the driving park. Ben Thomas' fine span of old number, were double extra, especially little Abe Watson's big cosset, a monstrous fellow which he said he had "broke to the saddle" and intended to use for his wedding face. All at once there was a commotion at the gate, and all of the red caps went hurrying thither.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked the field marshal of the gate tender.

"Why, here is Tim Jones with a pig. Says he wants to exhibit him, but hain't got no money to pay the fee."

The red caps all crowded to the entrance, and there stood a poor little half dressed lad with a beseeching look in his pale face, holding by a rope a fine, *black hog.*

Early in the spring a woman with three children had settled in the empty log hut by the creek, and tried to earn a living as washer woman. No one knew whence she came from, or who she belonged to. She appeared as church every Sunday in a neat, clean dress, but she came to be called "Widow Jones," though no one ever knew surely that she *was* a widow. Jim was the oldest of the three children, and helped all he could by doing errands at the village store.

"Well, Younker? What do you want?" Asked Ned Jewell, the largest officer of the day.

"I've got a pig, boys," began Tim in his thin, little voice. "Please, *can't* I just come in and show my pig? Mother is sick, and baby is sick, too, and I've got something nice for them. I have learned Jupiter here, to do tricks and *perhaps* I can get a little money by showing him. I've been training him for so long." As he spoke he also glanced appealingly into the boyish faces around him.

The red caps drew back a little, and at a signal from Ned the committee left the room on his hind legs and began to dance. This drew a shout of laughter from the boys, and soon Con McNeil, darting forward, threw open the gate, exclaiming, "Here boys, its meself sure as won't let a little gaffer with a sick mother and baby, stay out-side in the cold, when he wants to show his pig and trick. Come in, Tim, and let him in. Charlie Wilon, let him in, I say. Its meself, just, as will make him officer of the day along wid the rest of us, and Jupiter can go in as a part of the pay in the peanut trade to boot." And suiting the action to the word, he tore a strip off his own broad sash and fastened it around the pig's neck, and led him in, while he pressed a bright silver quarter into his hand. With a yell of approbation the other boys gave their contributions, and the surprised Tim soon found a great favorite, and Tim, with a look of joyful relief on his pale face, led Jupiter into the park and tied him to the liberty pole. Every one knew sorrily and a marriage possible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic Bronchitis, Laryngitis, and even public Consumption, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of Pulmonary Consumption. It is unbelieved that only remedy to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed by children. For the use of boys and children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.

There are all pain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

BEAUTY SOAP

TO keep the pores open, the oil glands and tubes active, and thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humiliating blotches, blackheads, and minor skin blemishes, especially of infants, is cleanse, whiten and beautify the skin, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and oily matter; to keep hands soft, white and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and to provide an exquisite skin beautifier and toilet, bath and nursery emollient proficient with delicious flower odors and CUTICURA SOAP, the CUTICURA SOAP. Indorsed by physicians and chemists as absolutely pure and highly medicinal. Sales 1881-6, 1,000,000 cakes.

THE HERITAGE OF WOE.

Misery, shame and agony often bequeathed as a sole legacy to children by parents, is neglected scrofula. To cleanse the blood of this hereditary poison, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring humors, itching tortures, humiliating eruptions, and loathsome sores caused by it, to purify and beautify the skin, and restore the hair, the first to the cause of these humiliations, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and great skin beautifier, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP the great skin cures and beautifiers, are infallible.

I HAD SALT RHEUM

In the most aggravated form for eight years. No kind of treatment, medicine, or doctors did me any permanent good. CUTICURA is Salt Rheum for me. I suffered. When I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES my limbs were as raw and tender as I could not bear my weight on them without the skin cracking and bleeding, and was obliged to go about on crutches. Used the CUTICURA REMEDIES five months, and was completely and permanently cured. CHAS. E. HOWARD, Augusta, Me.

References: Any citizen of Malden, Mass.

COPPER-COLORED.

I have been afflicted with troublesome skin disease, covering almost entirely my face and other parts of my body, causing my skin to assume a copper-colored hue. Have tried various remedies, but without avail, at times causing intolerable itching and the most annoying sensations. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES and other advertised remedies, but experienced no relief until I procured the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which, although I had used but a comparatively short time, relieving that terrible itching, and restoring my skin to a healthy color, for which I am grateful to make affidavit to the truth of this statement.

Milan, Mich. S. G. BUXTON.

Sold by all druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure,

The Great Relievable Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc.

For the Immediate relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any of these forms. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from the first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent. Sold by druggists.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.

SWEDISH REMEDIES!

Swedish Botanic Compound

Swedish Lung Balsam

An Alterative Tonic & Blood Purifier. It purifies the blood, strengthens the system, and acts like a charm on the digestive organs.

Cures all diseases of the Lungs.

Swedish Pills

Cures Constipation.

SWEDISH REMEDIES

When taken together according to directions, have times and a never-failing cure for Consumption in the first and second stages. Thousands of testimonials of the wonderful cures. Write for pamphlets and circulars—Sent Free.

H. W. A. BERGSTROEM, M. D.,

Lynn, Mass.

Swedish Botanic Compound cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Complaints, &c.

Swedish Lung Balsam cures Coughs and Colds in twenty-four hours.

Swedish Pills is the best Family Laxative.

Swedish Botanic Compound, 75c a bottle.

Swedish Lung Balsam, large 50c; small 25c. Swedish Pills, 25c a box.

Swedish Remedies for sale by all druggists. 3m3

Salzard Violin Outfit

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

She appeared at church every Sunday in a neat, clean dress, but she came to be called "Widow Jones," though no one ever knew surely that she *was* a widow. Jim was the oldest of the three children, and helped all he could by doing errands at the village store.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight Colds and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a safeguard against it, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works such wonderful cures in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, says:

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"I have never found, in thirty years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of equal value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. Other remedies relieve coughs, but is more effective than anything else I have ever known in the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

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Being purely vegetable, it is the safest and best physic for children to take. Its sugar coating preserves all the virtues of the drugs, and renders it pleasant to the taste, while no other remedy retains its medicinal properties so long in any climate.

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